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CAPT. G. ALVAH GOOD
CONTINUES DESCRIPTION
OF OLD COUNTRY TRAVELS



Historic Spots of Interest Described
By The Daily Mail's European
Correspondent.

(Continued)

On the way from Edinburgh we passed one of the many Border Towers, Middleton Towers. These were erected in the days of border wars and raids, such as the Martello Towers on the south coast of England were erected for protection against French invasion. They are plain square fortresses about 50 feet each way.

Before coming to the River Tweed we crossed Ettrick Water. It seems the custom to mention that a river is Water for fear of someone carelessly lading it into his car's gasoline tank in mistake for petrol. A better reason, possibly, is the tradition that the Scots streams flow with "milk, honey and wine." The road-side between Edinburgh and the border is well wooded with birch, oak, maple, fir and spruce.

We soon arrived at Abbotsford, residence of Sir Walter Scott. His old visitors' book happened to lie open at Sept. 28th, 1837, with the name in good handwriting, "Mrs. Thomas S. Wetmore, New Brunswick, British North America."

Abbotsford was one of the first houses in Scotland to be lighted with coal gas, made in a plant on the premises, in 1824. It is filled with antiques and decorated with carvings copied from Melrose and other abbeys, all the collection of Sir Walter, whose idea was to build up a set of surroundings about him that would make inspiration come more readily.

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There was on display a set of hunting knives owned by Prince Charles Edward Stuart and a sword presented to the great Marquis of Mortimer by Charles I, originally the property of James VI, who became James I of England. But we must leave or ask our editor to print another guide book (But then he will surely be induced to do even that with the note that our most satisfactory guide there was one Michael Flynn, who was born there, spoke with pride of being Irish yet spoke with an almost, but not quite, perfect Scots accent).

Leaving Abbotsford the skyline was marked with the three humps of the Ettrick Hills, a landmark highly favoured and often referred to by Sir Walter Scott. Our conductor referred to them as the "Big bear, medium sized bear and little bear."

In the valley of the Tweed, between Galashiels and Peebles, was a sign "Silver Fox Farm," the first we had seen.

We stopped the night at The Peebles Hotel Hydropathic, a very modern well-appointed and luxurious hotel standing in beautiful well-wooded grounds a full mile from Peebles, on a side hill landscaped to form a terraced lawn in front.

August 21—Leaving Peebles Hydro Hotel at 9.15 a.m. we passed through the town of Selkirk and on to Hawick. Those who enjoy experimenting with the pronunciation of these names may be puzzled whether to rhyme this with "panic" or "hayrack" or even our old friend "Keswick"—guess again! You lose! The accepted correct pronunciation, in the neighbourhood of England, Scotland, Ireland and the Channel Islands, is "HOYK" with no trace of an attempt to make a second syllable in its sound.

Peebles and Hawick are in the valley of the Tweed and are rather unromantic commercial communities dealing in the textile named from the valley of its origin. The ever-present Gipsy seems at home in this neighbourhood for during a short halt in the street at "Hoyk" a compact little group came down the street and a young lad carrying some long object wrapped in brown paper, accidentally struck me and knocked off a foot or so of the paper tube. The child's mother, walking abreast of him in the press of people, snapped out what seemed a Gipsy warning or imprecation sounding very like "Tevooo oook!"

Stone walled circular sheepfolds, about 20 feet or more in diameter, were very numerous in this district, the wall being four feet or more high. The entrance is sometimes a gap in the wall and almost as frequently arch.

The tall spike of the Waterloo Tower at Jedburgh stood out on the skyline, 20 miles away on the rim of a glorious panorama looking back from the crest of the Cheviot Hills.

After crossing the border an outstanding mark of change was the increased frequency of signs such as "No Camping Permitted," "Avoid Litter," "Trespassers Prosecuted." I have not been in Germany but have been told that such signs and regulations for the regimenting of public activities are much more prevalent there.

At Ridgedale, a few miles south of the Tweed, we saw an unemployment holiday camp, recalling the "Range." This was the most extensive use of Nissen huts encountered, at least 20 of good capacity being neatly arranged in a campsite that was well landscaped. These Nissen huts were used as portable huts for the troops during the war and were devised by a Canadian, so I have been told. They were built of corrugated galvanized sheet iron, shaped like a semicircular arched culvert with ends closed with wood, a door and two windows in the front end and the rear end having two windows. They were usually floored with wood but much use is made of them in the battlefields area with no flooring—sometimes without door and windows. Construction with brick is rapidly driving these out of use as they do not seem a popular style of building. As living quarters they furnished dry roof and easy standard construction but—those who have heard the patter of the rain on a tin roof will understand that they lacked advantages in this case and every tap on the wall or stamp on the floor rang through the hut. Cold weather WAS cold and we used to call them "tanks." I wrote a letter about December '16 with some comment on the extreme chilliness of the "tanks" on our aerodrome in which I was refrigerating at the time. It found its way into the local press under some such headline as "Young Fredericton Aviator Freezes in a Flying Tank in the Trenches."

(To be Continued)

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Civil Service

(Continued from Page Five)

The war in which we fought a score of years ago was supposed to be a war to end wars. Let us hope it served some purpose. We must agree, however, that in its professed aim it failed.

In spite of all we were then told, that war was of the conventional type. It originated in the desire of a nation for material advancement and its proclaimed need for territorial expansion. You will recall their rallying cry, "Germany must have her place in the sun." The sacrifices of her people were inspired by a belief that as a nation they were unjustly treated and were hedged about by unfair handicaps and conditions.

Without seeking to analyze in detail the present situation, may we not agree that the trends of our immediate day are due to other causes and are fast developing into a class struggle. To what is the strife and striving due? Have they not their origin in the failure to distribute among men on a just basis the blessings and advantages that science and invention have made possible?

It is idle to close our eyes in the belief that such conditions do not concern us. Who can seriously contend that the system under which we ourselves live is perfect? There is, however, much of value in it with the scope it affords for individual enterprise. So granting that some injustices exist and that real changes are due, can we not bring about the necessary adjustments in an orderly democratic way? Is it not possible to co-ordinate our endeavors that without destroying initiative, men can associate in social and business activities on a fair and equitable basis and on a footing of equality of opportunity?

To that end at any rate every effort should be directed. The foundation of democracy is a spirit of co-operation. Its arch enemies are selfishness and greed. Having some knowledge of the demands made on those in places of authority, I would hesitate to assert that these enemies are found only in one quarter.

We in this Dominion have our own problems to face. We should seek to set our house in order and then fortify it from the foe without.

Let any public utterances of mine have led to misunderstanding on this point, let me assure you that I am a firm believer in the Confederation of British North American provinces that was established seventy years ago. Holding this belief, I find it impossible to follow abjectly some tendencies and movements of the present times.

In the Confederation that was established, the original provinces, including our own, continued as provinces of Great Britain. They transferred to the Government and Parliament of Canada, which they created charge of certain matters of common interest. The original provinces surrendered nothing but some powers. They retained their original sovereignty and their status as provinces of Great Britain.

In recent years, suggestions have been made which if adopted would seriously impair that position. The first is that the provinces should surrender more of their rights and powers to the central authority. It would seem to me that a proper answer to that proposal is that the Government and Parliament of Canada should first show a determination to carry out in a fair way their present trusts before seeking new powers at our hands. For reasons that are well known, the legitimate interests and claims of our Province have been neglected for the advantage of other sections possessing greater political power and influence. We have a very real grievance in New Brunswick.

In the second place, it has been suggested that the Provinces should sever their direct ties with Great Britain and accept a new position under a constitution enacted by the Dominion Parliament, their sole connection being with Ottawa. This proposal must be viewed with even greater distrust and suspicion. Under our existing constitutional arrangements, neither the Dominion Government nor Parliament can separate this province from Great Britain. Our British connection is not under their control. They might at-

tempt to repudiate their own imperial connection. Should they do so, we as a British province, could repudiate them.

The Federal system of Government adopted in 1867 was sound and can be made to work; but it can only be made to work efficiently in an atmosphere of fair play and co-operation. It will best function when the provinces are strong, militant and virile.

I submit that our immediate problem is to build up our own province. To accomplish this, we must become better neighbors, one to the other. As citizens of New Brunswick, we should seek to co-operate; we should take pride in our own community; we should rejoice in the progress of other communities. Given strong and progressive communities, we shall have a strong province, fit to take its place on a footing of equality in a strong Dominion. Again, let me urge that to accomplish these things, we must develop a sense of co-operation and team play.

The co-operation desired should be a voluntary co-operation springing from the people themselves, rather than a compulsory co-operation enforced from above which leads only to regimentation.

I may seem to have drifted from the subject of my address. In respect of this, an important question is, "What shall we do should Great Britain become involved in a war?"

Whether all like it or not, when Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war. Our Dominion is a member of the British Empire, owing a common allegiance to the Crown. Under that relationship, when our King is at war, our territory, our citizens and our Commerce are the legitimate object of enemy attack. The actual extent of our participation in any war is a matter of domestic concern and for the Government and Parliament of Canada alone to determine. To suggest, however, as is being done, that in the event of a war involving Great Britain, Canada can claim the rights of a neutral is idle, so long as she remains within the British Empire.

It has not escaped your attention, I am sure, that men prominent in the life of this Dominion openly advocate that in such an event, Canada should declare her neutrality. Such action on her part would be equivalent to a declaration of independence which as I have said, neither the Canadian Government nor Parliament can effectively declare.

It has even been suggested that we might look to the United States for our protection. May I suggest that our relations with the great nation to the south are too happy to permit that they might become strained by such demands or expectations on our part.

In my view, our destiny lies within the Empire. The only question that confronts us is whether we, as a self-governing Dominion, shall share in the responsibilities of Empire or be content to enjoy its benefits while accepting that protection from Great Britain which has always been so generously furnished.

The course adopted will probably depend upon the attitude of those who, twenty years ago, played their part as men and citizens of the great Empire the world has ever seen. May I suggest that the mission of that Empire is not yet complete.

There is dignity in service for a just cause. I know of no language more apt to portray it than that inscription carved above the door of the Memorial Chamber in Ottawa where are recorded the names of 60,000 comrades who gave their all that the work of our Empire might continue—"All's well for over there among his peers a happy warrior sleeps."

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Lv. 9.00 a.m.	Ar. 6.50 p.m.	
Lv. 9.20 a.m.	Ar. 7.30 p.m.	
Lv. 9.40 a.m.	Ar. 8.10 p.m.	
Lv. 9.50 a.m.	Ar. 8.50 p.m.	
Lv. 10.30 a.m.	Ar. 9.30 p.m.	
Ar. 11.00 a.m.	Lv. 4.00 p.m.	

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Lv. 8.15 a.m.	Ar. 1.10 a.m.	
Ar. 8.40 a.m.	Lv. 12.45 a.m.	
Lv. 8.45 a.m.	Ar. 12.40 a.m.	
Lv. 9.05 a.m.	Ar. 12.20 a.m.	
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Ar. 9.55 a.m.	Lv. 11.30 p.m.	

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